

DELL  
COMIC

NO. 493

10¢

# Johnny Mack Brown



# WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# BEST IN THE WEST

BEN LILLY: LAST OF THE MOUNTAIN MEN

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Ben Lilly was the last of the mountain men — the lonely, hard-bitten breed of men who hunted, trapped and scouted the rugged, mountainous terrain of the early West. He left behind a record which proved him the greatest hunter of his time — the best in the West.

This mild-mannered mountain man was not a wanton killer; he made his living by stalking stock-killing grizzlies, black bear, cougars and wolves. He gave up society to live with

and love the animals he hunted. Finally, he could follow a cold trail even better than his own hunting hounds.

With simple candor, he professed to speaking the language which wild animals understood. After a half century of living among them perhaps he had learned to talk with them. At least, he could read their intentions on the trail, and outguess them all.



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# JOHNNY MACK BROWN

and

The  
BOW-AND-ARROW  
KILLER

THAT VALLEY LOOKS TOO  
PEACEFUL TO BE AS FULL  
OF DEATH AN' MYSTERY AS  
SHERIFF LOPER WROTE US,  
EH, REBEL?

WHUH-UHHUH!



HEY! THAT WAS A SHOT!  
COULD BE A HUNTER...  
BUT, I'D BETTER TAKE  
A LOOKSEE!

COME ON, MOVE, BOY!



HEY...

Z-ZING!



WHAT IN THE BLAZES  
IS GOING ON AROUND  
HERE... AN INDIAN WAR?

















A FEW MINUTES LATER...

TOO BAD I COULDN'T HAVE STOPPED THEM FROM STEALIN' THAT

MAP! MAYBE I CAN KEEP THEM FROM GAININ' ANYTHING BY IT THOUGH!



LATER IN PITCHFORK...

THANKS TO YOUR FIRST-AID TREATMENT, JOHNNY, HE'LL PULL THROUGH! BUT THERE'S NO TELLING WHEN HE'LL REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS!



YES! A COUPLE OF LETTERS! HE'S GEORGE BAKER FROM HOUSTON! APPARENTLY HE CAME UP HERE TO LOOK FOR THE LEGENDARY SPANISH COPPER MINEs!

I'D BETTER GET BACK TO HIM! I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN HE'S ABLE TO TALK!

THANKS! I'LL BE AT SHERIFF LOPER'S, OR AT LEAST HE'LL KNOW WHERE I AM!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

...AND THAT'S THE STORY, ANDY! AN' HERE ARE THE ARROWS!

FLINT AN' ZIGGIE ARE STRANGERS TO ME! BUT THOSE ARROWS AREN'T! I'VE GOT FOUR MORE IN MY SAFE, EACH TAKEN FROM A DEAD PROSPECTOR!



I'M PLUMB BUFFALOED! AN' FOLKS HEREABOUTS ARE SO SCARED... THEY WON'T EVEN GIVE ME A HAND TRACKIN' THE KILLERS! THAT'S WHY I SENT FOR YOU!

HERE'S HOPIN' I CAN HELP! WHERE DO THESE KILLERS OPERATE?



WITHIN A TWENTY-MILE  
RADIUS O' KIWA PEAK  
THERE'S A LOST COPPER  
MINE LEGEND FOR  
EVERY SQUARE FOOT O'  
THAT TERRITORY!



AND AS A RESULT  
THAT SECTORS  
CRAWLIN' WITH  
PROSPECTORS!

AN' LIKE BAKER,  
I SUPPOSE EACH  
HAS HIS OWN  
LOST TREASURE  
MAP!



RECKON NINE OUT O'  
TEN DO! BUT NONE  
O' THE MURDERED...  
SAY! D'YOU SUPPOSE  
THAT WAS WHY THEY  
WERE KILLED? FOR  
THEIR MAPS?

PROBABLY LIT  
WAS THE  
MOTIVE FOR  
ATTACKIN'  
BAKER! WISH  
I'D GOTTEN A  
GOOD LOOK  
AT THAT  
PALOMINO'S  
RIDER!

MAVSE YOU CAN  
TRACE THE  
PALOMINO. THERE  
AREN'T MORE'N  
HALF A DOZEN OF  
'EM IN THE WHOLE  
COUNTY!

THAT'S A GOOD  
IDEA, ANDY! GIVE  
ME A LIST OF  
THEIR OWNERS!  
I'LL GET ON IT  
FIRST THING IN  
THE MORNIN'!



THE NEXT DAY...



HMM... NOT VERY  
PROSPEROUS...  
LOOKIN' ACCORDIN'  
TO ANDY, IT'S A  
WASTE O' TIME TO  
CHECK HERE!  
EVEN IF HE IS HARD  
UP, PIERCE IS A  
LEADIN' CITIZEN!

BUT THAT DOESN'T  
MEAN HE'S AN  
INNOCENT ONE!  
GREAT SCOTT!  
THERE'S THAT  
BLAZED-FACED  
SORREL!





WENTY MINUTES LATER...

FLINT! DIDN'T I TELL YOU  
TO STAY UNDER COVER  
TILL THAT ARM HEALED?

YEAH, BUT I HAD TO  
COME! BIFF'S HIRED  
THAT INTERFERIN'  
COWPOKE AS ONE O'  
YOUR LINE RIDERS!



WHICH PROVES BIFF  
KNOWS ENOUGH TO  
OBEY MY ORDERS!

YA MEAN YOU  
TOLD HIM TO  
HIRE THAT  
BIRD?

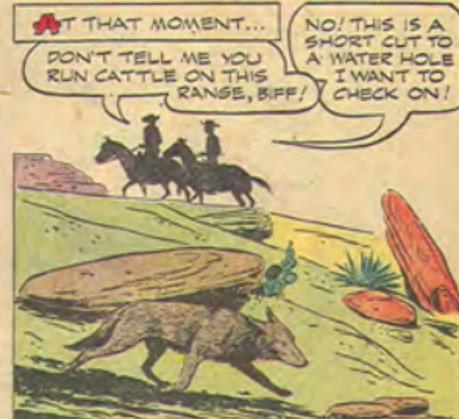
CERTAINLY, IF HE ASKED FOR  
WORK!... YOU SEE, I KNEW HE  
WOULD CHECK EVERY PALOMINO  
IN THE COUNTY... AND THIS WAS  
BOUND TO LEAD HIM TO ME!



MY ARROWS  
ARE SILENT,  
ZIGGIE! AND  
MYSTERIOUS!  
THEY HAVE  
TERRORIZED  
THE WHOLE  
NEIGHBORHOOD!

YEAH?  
WELL, IF  
YOU  
FIGURE  
ON SCARI  
THAT  
COWBOY  
WITH 'EM,  
YOU'RE  
PLUMB  
LOCO!







NOR WITH MY LEFT HAND,  
EITHER!

OOFF!

THE SURPRISE BLOW FLOORS JOHNNY,  
BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT...

I MUST BE SLIPPIN'! I  
SURE DIDN'T FIGURE  
HIM FOR ONE OF THE  
GANG!

I'D BETTER PLAY IT SAFE  
AN' GO AHEAD ON FOOT!  
BIFF MIGHT HAVE  
REINFORCEMENTS  
IN THAT CANYON!

RECKON THERE'S NO  
DOUBT HE'S GOT AT  
LEAST ONE!

AND I'LL SOON  
FIND OUT IF HE'S  
GOT MORE!

GRAB FOR THE SKY,  
YOU POLECAT!

WHAT  
TH'...



# JOHNNY MACK BROWN

## the Town for Outlaws Only

AS JOHNNY MACK BROWN STOPS IN TWO SPRINGS FOR THE FIRST TIME...

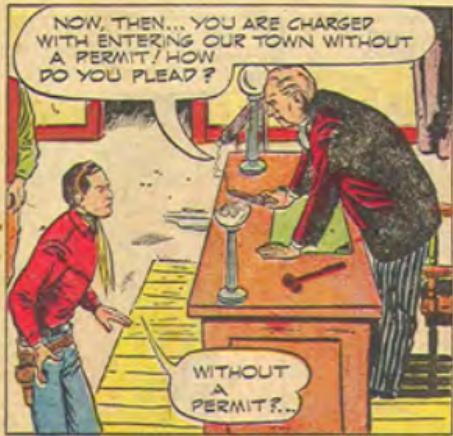
I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR BEIN' NERVOUS, REBEL  
... THIS LOOKS LIKE A REAL GHOST TOWN!

U.S. POST OF  
TWO-SPRINGS



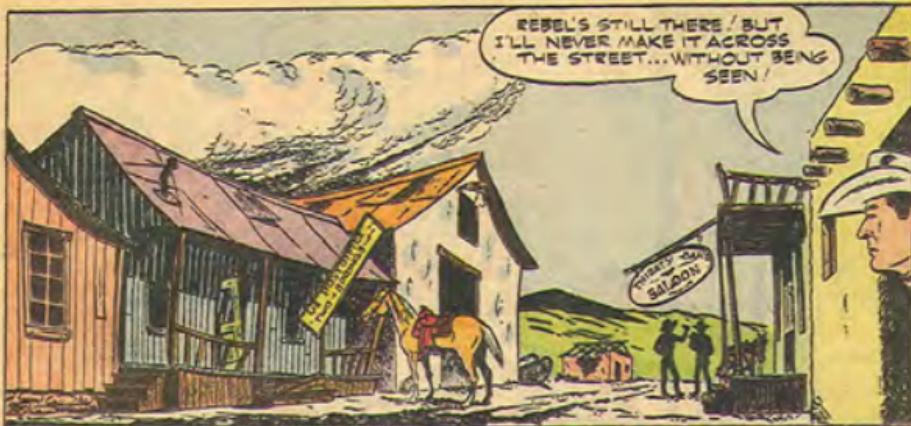












COME ON, REBEL...  
S-T-R-E-T-C-H!

BLAM!

BLAM!

STOP!  
STOP SHOOTING,  
YOU FOOLS!

NOW!  
WHAT'S  
GOING ON  
OUT HERE?

THAT  
STRANGER  
YOU  
SENTENCED  
THIS  
MORNIN',  
JUDGE...

HE'S  
GETTIN'  
AWAY!  
HE MUST'VE  
BUSTED  
OUT OF  
JAIL!

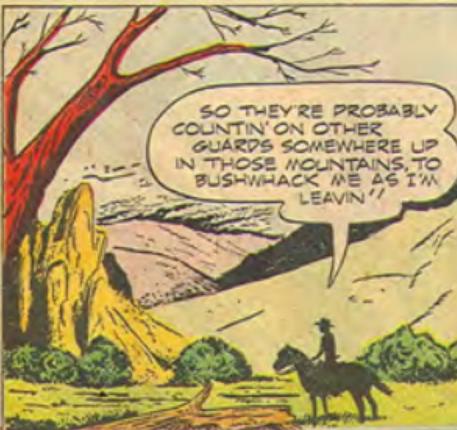
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE  
I TOLD YOU NOT TO  
FIRE GUNS AROUND  
HERE? IT ATTRACTS  
ATTENTION!

BUT HE  
WAS ESCAPIN'  
BOSS!

MY GUARDS UP IN THE  
MOUNTAINS WILL TAKE CARE OF  
OUR "GUEST"... DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT THAT!

MEANTIME, BRING ME THE  
MAN WHO LET HIM GET AWAY.  
I'M GOING TO HOLD COURT  
AGAIN!

AND WHEN THEY BRING OUR  
FRIEND BACK, WE'LL MAKE IT A  
DOUBLE NECKTIE PARTY!!



THERE! THAT OUGHT  
TO DO IT!

Killer Russ  
and gang  
held up in  
saloon at  
Two Springs  
Bring posse!  
Johnny McLowry

NOW, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN  
SLIP BY THOSE GUARDS!  
I'D RATHER BRING A POSSE  
BACK IN PERSON!

LATER, IN THE MOUNTAINS...

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS  
IT! HE'S GOT A RIFLE,  
TOO!

POW!

ANOTHER ONE ...  
BEHIND ME! I'M TRAPPED!

POW!

POW!  
POW!

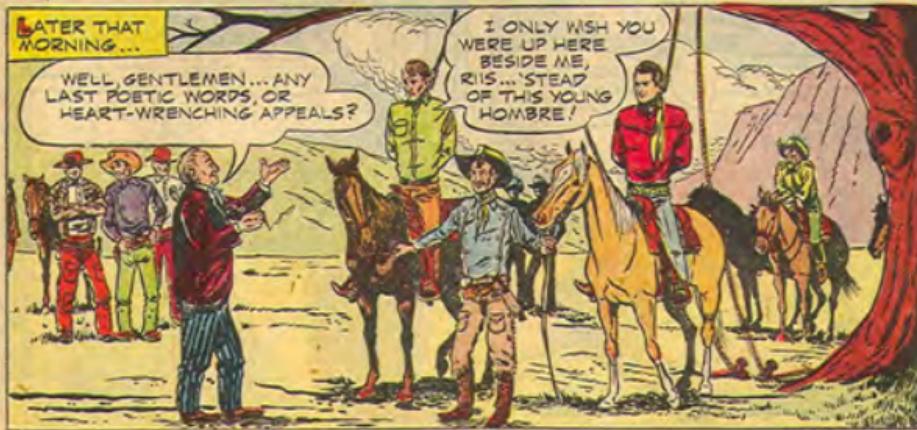
WATER, REBEL!  
HEAD FOR WATER!

BOTH OF US'D NEVER MAKE  
IT, REBEL... BUT MAYBE  
YOU CAN GET DOWN THAT  
MOUNTAINSIDE ALONE!













LATER...

ALL RIGHT, I'M READY...  
LET'S GET THIS  
HANGIN' PARTY  
OVER WITH!

IF THERE'S GOIN' TO BE A  
HANGIN' PARTY 'ROUND  
HERE, IT'LL BE FOR RIS  
AND HIS GANG!

YOU'RE A  
SHERIFF!



THAT'S RIGHT! WE  
WERE RIDIN' TOWARD  
THE MOUNTAINS,  
LOOKIN' FOR RIS,  
WHEN YOUR HORSE  
TRIED TO RUN  
STRAIGHT OVER  
US!

AND RIGHT  
AFTER WE FOUND  
YOUR NOTE  
UNDER HIS SADDLE,  
HE BROKE AWAY...  
HEADED FOR HERE!

BUT,  
RIS...?  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?

WE HAD TO  
BURN DOWN THE  
SALOON... TO  
SHOKE 'EM ALL  
OUT!



INCIDENTALLY...  
THAT'S A MIGHTY  
HANDSOME HUNK OF  
HORSEFLESH YOU'VE  
GOT THERE!

HORSEFLESH?  
HE'S MORE THAN  
THAT... THIS  
FELLA'S MY  
PARDNER...



# FOUR MAPS TO DEATH

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In 1887, a man named Richard Travis found ten thousand dollars in gold and silver which had been uncovered by a flash flood in the vicinity of El Tigre, Mexico, just south of the Arizona border. This gold and silver was but a small part of more than a million dollars in Mexican loot which had been buried by four hard-pressed bandits in 1879.

The four fugitives were James Bachelor and John Quigley, Americans; and Francisco Gomez and Salvador Delgado, Mexicans. After burying the loot, the four bandits drew a map of the location, and divided it into four parts, each taking one quarter. Then they separated for a safer getaway from pursuing Rurales.

Although the desperados intended to meet later, reassemble their map and recover the loot, the holders of each section of the map soon died a violent death. Delgado was recognized and shot by Mexican Rurales. Gomez was killed while resisting arrest by a California sheriff. Bachelor was caught, convicted of murder, and died in jail. Quigley lived to re-

turn, and try to recover the loot by memory and his piece of map, but he was recognized, and died in a gunfight.

Today, somewhere across the Border near El Tigre, the stolen fortune still lies buried.



JUL 14 A.M.

